

HYMNS.

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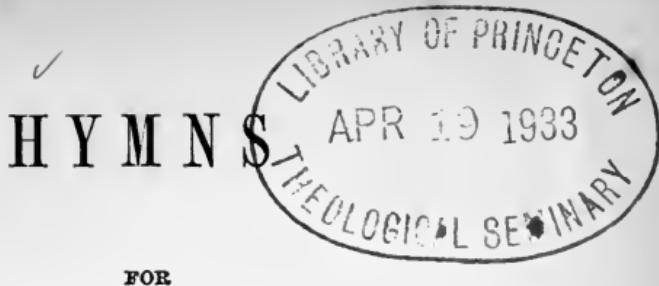
Division SCR
Section 6044



想自古以來，無不以「心」爲第一義。

心者，萬象之宗，萬理之原，萬象萬理，皆無

不自心出。故曰：「心者，萬象之宗，萬理之原。」



FOR

THE WORSHIP OF GOD;

SELECTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE USE OF
CONGREGATIONS CONNECTED WITH

The Church of Scotland.

Scotland, Church of. Synod of Canada



Montreal:

JOHN LOVELL, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1863.

about noon and early H 30 or 40 minutes later and
most of the game of the day. In view of this we
tried to get a good view of the birds and
had this for a moment when we had enough
time to see what was the situation of and then
again quickly. And now a to reinforce among
us all the day we should find it to make a
a bird migration difficult and in hours we succeeded
to recognize more and more of the particular birds
so that we could not only distinguish between
and identify them but also to make out what
and some of these birds to methods and something
that will be necessary to continue in this
respect will be present and you to even all of these
and will not have to wait for a long time
so that you will be able to get a good view of the
birds without much trouble and will be
able to get a good view of the birds without
any trouble and will be able to get a good view of the

P R E F A C E.

The following selection of Hymns has been made in order to meet the want, felt by many, of some addition to our present Psalmody. The Hymns have been drawn from many sources, and care has been taken to include only those which possess the genuine qualities of a good hymn. On many topics, the Psalms of David furnish us with all the expression we need in our Christian worship; and a noble inheritance it is which the sweet singer of Israel has bequeathed to the church of God. On other subjects, and these of the very highest importance, the children of God have to sing for themselves in uninspired language, as they look back to the cross, or enjoy the fulness of the Gospel dispensation. The mantle of David has fallen upon not a few scattered up and down the different ages and spheres of the church; and now that the attention of the church is more given to the unlocking

of its own treasures, it is becoming evident that there is no want of good hymns, and no necessity for the use of the inferior and distasteful rhymes which have too frequently usurped their place.

The Hymns selected have been compared with the original, wherever it was possible, and the author's version given. In a collection for divine service, change is sometimes necessary, especially in the way of omission; but this has been done in the present instance with caution, and with deference to the mind of the author. Where extensive alteration was required in order to make a favourite hymn available for use in public worship, it has been thought better to leave it out than present it in a mangled form.

The majority of the Hymns are of the ordinary measures, but other varieties are introduced. It is a pity that the church should be limited to one or two measures, especially when the loftier and sweeter strains of sacred song frequently take a different form. And yet respect must be had to the general convenience, and to the actual knowledge of sacred music possessed by our congregations. With the Psalms and Paraphrases in con-

stant use, however, beyond which a congregation need not go, unless inclined, the difficulty of new measures is not insurmountable ; while the necessity, from the introduction of the Hymn-Book, of extending our acquaintance with sacred music, will confer an undoubted advantage upon the church, and may lead to the removal of a reproach which, we are afraid, justly lies at our door, of neglecting the praise of the sanctuary.

In offering this collection to the church, the Committee of the Synod of Canada who have been employed in its preparation, desire to express their grateful acknowledgments to the living authors and translators of the hymns that appear in it, many of which are copyright ; and would commend the volume to Him, whose praise is sought to be advanced, and whose glory it is the privilege of all his people to sing while on their way to the sanctuary above.

FRANCIS NICOL,

CONVENER.

September 29th, 1863.

STÖRHALDAS HO TIRAT

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22. *U. S. Fish Commission, Annual Report, 1881, p. 100.*

THE CHANNEL

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H Y M N S.

M O R N I N G.

HYMN 1.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked: for the Lord
sustained me.—Psalm iii. 5.

L. M.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

MORNING.

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 2.

His compassions fail not: they are new every morning.
Lamentations iii. 22.

L. M.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

MORNING.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

HYMN 3.

will sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily
perform my vows.—Psalm lxi. 8.

C. M.

Once more the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That his eternal light may guide
And cheer our souls this day.

O may no sin our hands defile,
Or cause our minds to rove ;
Upon our lips be simple truth,
And in our hearts be love.

Throughout the day, O Christ, in thee
May ready help be found
To save our souls from Satan's wiles,
Who still is hovering round.

EVENING.

Subservient to thy daily praise,
Our daily toil shall be ;
So may our works in thee begun
Be furthered, Lord, by thee.

HYMN 4.

Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.—Psalm xvii. 8.

L. M.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

EVENING.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

X

HYMN 5.

Abide with us : for it is toward evening, and the day is
far spent.—Luke xxiv. 29.

L. M.

Sun of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

EVENING.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HYMN 6.

The day goeth away ; the shadows of the evening are
stretched out.—Jeremiah vi. 4.

7s.

Blest Creator of the light,
Making day with radiance bright,
Thou didst o'er the forming earth
Give the golden light its birth.

Shade of eve with morning ray
Took from thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our humble cry.

May we ne'er by guilt depressed
Lose the way to endless rest ;
Nor with idle thoughts and vain
Bind our souls to earth again.

Rather may we heavenward rise
Where eternal treasure lies ;
Purified by grace within,
Hating every deed of sin.

EVENING.

HYMN 7.

He shall give his angels charge over thee.—Psalm xci. 11.

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God, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

HYMN 8.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.—Psalm xxvii. 1.

L. M.

O thou true life of all that live!
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day;

Thy light upon our evening pour,—
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

CHRIST OUR LIGHT.

HYMN 9.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord.

Psalm v. 3.

7s. and 4.

Jesus, Sun of righteousness,
 Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
 Do thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
 All our night!

Like the sun's reviving ray,
 May thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
 Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve thee and obey
 All the day!

O our only Hope and Guide!
 Never leave us nor forsake:
Keep us ever at thy side,
 Till the eternal morning break,
Moving on to Zion hill
 Homeward still!

Lead us all our days and years
 In thy straight and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
 To the land of perfect day,
Where thy people, fully blest,
 Safely rest!

CHRIST OUR LIGHT.

HYMN 10.

He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.—John viii. 12.

L. M.

O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

O hallowed be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

CHRIST OUR LIGHT.

O Christ ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne :
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee.

HYMN 11.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.—John i. 9.

7s.

Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill with radiance divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief :
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

THE SABBATH.

HYMN 12.

FROM PSALM XCII.

L. M.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
Thy works of grace how bright they shine,
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

O may I see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below,
May all my powers find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 13.

And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.—Genesis ii. 3.

C. M.

Blest is the seventh morn of light,
Hallowed for rest divine ;
Yet, Lord, a new creation needs
That mighty power of thine.

THE SABBATH.

Ten thousand voices praise thy name
In earth and sea and sky ;
But fallen man by sin has marred
The blissful harmony.

Come, Lord, create our hearts anew ;
Our hearts of stone remove :
Then hymns of praise again shall rise,
The fruits of holy love.

O for the songs that thou wilt bless,
Where heart and voice agree ;
O for the prayers that plead aright
With thy dread Majesty.

HYMN 14.

For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived,
that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.
Romans xiv. 9.

S. M.

Again the Sabbath morn
Calls us to prayer and praise ;
Waking our hearts to gratitude
With its enlivening rays :

But Christ yet brighter shone,
Quenching the morning beam ;
When triumphing from death he rose,
And raised us up with him.

When first the world sprang forth,
In majesty arrayed,
And bathed in streams of purest light ;—
What power was there displayed !

THE SABBATH.

But O what love ! when Christ,
For our transgressions slain,
Was by the eternal Father raised
For us to life again.

His new-created world,
The mighty Maker viewed,
With thousand lovely tints adorned ;
And straight pronounced it good :

But O much more he joyed
That self-same world to see,
Washed in the Lamb's all-saving blood
From its impurity.

Nature each day renews
Her beauty evermore ;
Whence to God's hidden majesty,
The soul is taught to soar :

But Christ, the Light of all,
The Father's Image blest,
Gives us to see our God himself
In flesh made manifest.

HYMN 15.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord : let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.—Psalm xcvi. 1.

6666,88.

Awake, ye saints, awake !
And hail this sacred day ;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay :
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

THE SABBATH.

On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose ;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes ;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

All hail, triumphant Lord !
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings :
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !

HYMN 16.

FROM PSALM CXVIII.

C. M.

This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' Anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

THE SANCTUARY.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna ! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 17.

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.
Romans viii. 26.

L. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God ;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire ?
O kindle now the sacred flame,
And make me burn with pure desire.

Impress upon my wandering thoughts
The love that Christ to sinners bore ;
And give a new and contrite heart,
A heart the Saviour to adore.

A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see ;
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

THE SANCTUARY.

HYMN 18.

How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house
of God, and this is the gate of heaven.—Gen xxviii. 17.

L. M.

Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.

Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
Th' united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

Gladly the joys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own!

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

HYMN 19.

They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in
truth.—John iv. 24.

C. M.

Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

THE SANCTUARY.

Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

In meek submission to thy will
Let every prayer arise;
And teach us, Lord, 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

HYMN 20.

According to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.—I Peter i. 2.

L. M.

Father of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

THE SANCTUARY.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

HYMN 21.

Ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living
God, the heavenly Jerusalem.—Heb. xii. 22.

8s.

Not to the mount that burned with flame,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet's tone that startling came,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard with trembling awe
Jehovah thunder forth his law ;

But to mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod ;
Where meet in everlasting love
The church of the first-born above :

To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

O hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild !
To-day are life and death our choice ;
To-day through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give :
Now let us hear his voice and live.

THE SANCTUARY.

HYMN 22.

FROM PSALM LXXXIV.

6s. 4s.

Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !

To thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

WORSHIP.

HYMN 23.

Hosanna in the highest.—Matt. xxi. 9.

L. M.

Hosanna to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing !
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound :
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer,
Where we thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in thy saered name.

Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.

Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again :
Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

WORSHIP.

HYMN 24.

Let them praise the name of the Lord : for his name alone
is excellent ; his glory is above the earth and heaven.
Psalm cxlviii. 13.

7s.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with halleluiahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ;—the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

WORSHIP.

HYMN 25.

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.—Psalm xlvi. 6.

5s. 6s. or 10s. 11s.

O worship the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise!

O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

WORSHIP.

O measureless Might
Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise.

HYMN 26.

FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

8s. 7s.

Praise the Lord ! ye heavens adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height :
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious ;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name !

GOD.

HYMN 27.

FROM PSALM CL.

7s.

Praise the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore !

Praise the Lord, his mercies trace ;
Praise his providence and grace,
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.
Harps and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts :
All that breathe, your Lord adore ;
Praise him, praise him, evermore !

HYMN 28.

And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to
come.—Rev. iv. 8.

P. M.

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee :
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

GOD.

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy : there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and
sky, and sea :
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

HYMN 29.

Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God ?
I Sam vi. 20.

C. M.

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light.

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord ;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.

GOD.

O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, God of love,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on thee !

HYMN 30.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.—Rev. v. 13.

L. M.

Thee we adore, eternal Lord !
We praise thy name with one accord ;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

The apostles join the glorious throng ;
The prophets swell the immortal song ;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

Thee, holy, holy, holy King !
Thee, O Lord God of hosts ! they sing :
Thus earth below and heaven above
Resound thy glory and thy love.

HYMN 31.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us come before
his presence with thanksgiving.—Psalm xcvi. 1, 2.

6s.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !

HYMN 32.

FROM PSALM CIII.

8s. 7s.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To his feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows ;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Widely yet his mercy flows.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

Angels in the height adore him !
Ye behold him face to face ;
Saints triumphant bow before him !
Gathered in from every race ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise with us the God of grace.

HYMN 33.

FROM PSALM XXXIV.

C. M.

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love ;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

Fear him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make ye his service your delight ;
Your wants shall be his care.

HYMN 34.

They shall not hunger nor thirst ; he that hath mercy on
them shall lead them, even by the springs of water
shall he guide them.—Isaiah xlix. 10.

87, 87, 87.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven ! Bread of heaven !
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer ! Strong Deliverer !
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises, Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee !

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 35.

FROM PSALM XC.

C. M.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 36.

Lord, help me.—Matt. xv. 25.

C. M.

O help us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus ! from on high ;
We know no help but thee :
O help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be !

HYMN 37.

Not my will, but thine, be done.—Luke xxii. 42.

88, 84.

My God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
“ Thy will be done.”

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
“Thy will be done.”

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
“Thy will be done.”

Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was thine;
“Thy will be done.”

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
“Thy will be done.”

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
“Thy will be done.”

HYMN 38.

Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made
with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things,
and sure; for this is all my salvation, and all my
desire, although he make it not to grow.—II Sam.
xxiii. 5.

C. M.

My God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home ;—

I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And, when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

HYMN 39.

Clouds and darkness are round about him : righteousness
and judgment are the habitation of his throne.—
Psalm xcvi. 2.

C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 40.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.
Psalm Iv, 22.

7s.

Cast thy burden on the Lord ;
Lean thou only on his word :
Ever will he be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.

Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid,
“ It is I, be not afraid.”

Cast thy burden at his feet ;
Linger near his mercy-seat :
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

He will gird thee by his power,
In the weary, fainting hour ;
Lean, then, loving, on his word ;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

HYMN 41.

Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in him ; and he
shall bring it to pass.—Psalm xxxvii. 5.

S. M.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;
So safe shalt thou go on :
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care :
To him commend thy cause ; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

THE NEW CREATION.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

HYMN 42.

Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth.

Isaiah lxv. 17.

L. M.

O Lord, in perfect bliss above
Thou couldst not need created love ;
And yet thou didst thy power display,
And earth's foundations firmly lay.

Things that were not, at thy command
In perfect form before thee stand ;
And all to their Creator raise
A wondrous harmony of praise.

But even while the world came forth
In all the beauty of its birth,
In thy deep thought thou didst behold
Another world of nobler mould.

For thou didst will that Christ should frame
A new creation by his name ;
Its seed, the living word of grace,
He scatters wide in every place :

Its home, when time shall be no more,
In heaven with thee for evermore ;
Accepted in thy boundless love
To share his throne and joy above.

INFINITE LOVE.

HYMN 43.

And have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him.—Col. iii. 10.

C. M.

Spirit of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed ;
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew !

And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came !

Lo ! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

HYMN 44.

Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.—I John iii. 16.

L. M.

The Lord of glory dwells on high,
He rules the armies of the sky ;
Ten thousand thousand round him stand,
Obedient to their King's command.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

The Lord of glory, moved by love,
Descends in mercy from above ;
And he, before whom angels bow,
Is found a man of grief below.

This love is great, too great for thought,
Its length and breadth in vain are sought ;
No tongue can tell its depth and height,
The love of God is infinite.

But though his love no measure knows,
The Saviour to his people shows
Enough to give them joy, when known ;
Enough to make their hearts his own.

Constrained by this they walk with him ;
His love their most delightful theme :
To glorify him here, their aim ;
Their hope, in heaven to praise his name.

HYMN 45.

Great is the mystery of godliness ; God was manifest in the
flesh.—I Timothy iii. 16.

S. M.

God from on high hath heard,
Let sighs and sorrows cease ;
Lo ! from the opening heaven descends
To man the promised Peace.

Hark through the silent night
Angelic voices swell ;
Their joyful songs proclaim, that God
Is born on earth to dwell.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

See how the shepherd-band
Speed on with eager feet;
Come to the hallowed cave with them
The holy Babe to greet.

But oh ! what sight appears
Within that lowly door ;
A manger, stall, and swaddling clothes,
A Child and mother poor.

Art thou the Christ ? the Son ?
The Father's image bright ?
And see we him, whose arm upholds
Earth and the starry height ?

Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils thy glory now ;
We hail thee God, before whose throne
The angels prostrate bow.

A silent teacher, Lord,
Thou bidst us not refuse
To bear what flesh would have us shun,
To shun what flesh would choose.

Our swelling pride to cure
With that pure love of thine,
O be thou born within our hearts,
Most holy Child Divine.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

HYMN 46.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke ii. 14.

7s.

X Hark ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus our Emmanuel.

Hark ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings ;
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

HYMN 47.

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death.—Phil. ii. 8.

8s. 7s.

Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see.

He is found in human fashion,
Death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
Doomed by law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish
In the dreadful gulf below.

This is he whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord ;
Whom the voices of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word ;
Now he shines the long-expected :
Let creation praise its Lord.

O ye heights of heaven adore him !
Angel-hosts his praises sing !
All dominions bow before him,
And extol our God and King ;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

HYMN 48.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.—Isaiah liii. 7.

C. M.

What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below !
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe !

For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung ;
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

O give us hearts to love like thee ;
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

HYMN 49.

For we have not an high priest, which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.—Heb. iv. 15.

7s.

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear !

When our eyes grow dim in death ;
When we heave the parting breath ;
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear !

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear !

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

HYMN 50.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life ; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.—John xiv. 6.

C. M.

Thou art the Way ; by thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth ; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life
Grant us that way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 51.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion—behold thy King cometh unto thee—lowly and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.—Zechariah ix. 9.

L. M.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosannah cry !
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp, ride on to die !
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin !

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down, with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Awaits his own anointed Son.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp, ride on to die !
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

HYMN 52.

Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith;
who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the
the cross, despising the shame.—Hebrews xii. 2.

7s.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete ;
" It is finished ;" hear him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

HYMN 53.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the
tree.—I Peter ii. 24.

Darkly rose the guilty morning,
When, the King of glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem ;
See the Christ his cross upbearing,
See him stricken, mocked, and wearing
The thorn-plaited diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed him,
Not the hands that rudely nailed him,
Slew him on the accursed tree ;
Ours the sin, from heaven that called him,
Ours the sin, whose burden galled him,
In the dark Gethsemane !

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

For our sins of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
 He was slain on Calvary ;
Yet he for his murderers pleaded ;
Lord ! by us that prayer is needed ;
 We have pierced, yet trust in thee.

In our wealth and tribulation,
By thy precious cross and passion,
 By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious resurrection,
By the Holy Ghost's protection,
 Make us thine eternally !

HYMN 54.

And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place
of a skull—where they crucified him.—John xix. 17.

8s. 7s.

His trial o'er, and now beneath
 His own cross meekly bending,
Jesus the fatal hill of death
 Is wearily ascending.

And now, his hands and feet pierced through,
 Upon the cross they raise him,
Where even now, in distant view,
 The eye of faith surveys him !

O wondrous love, which God most high,
 Towards man was pleased to cherish !
His sinless Son he gave to die,
 That sinners might not perish.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Our sin's pollution to remove,
His blood was asked and given :
So mighty was the Saviour's love,
So vast the price of heaven.

HYMN 55.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.—Psalm xxii. 15.

7s. 6s.

O sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn !
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn !
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays ;
Yet angel hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving thee of life ;
O agony and dying !
O love to sinners free !
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn thy face on me.

In this thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me,
With thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be :
Beneath thy cross abiding,
For ever would I rest ;
In thy dear love confiding,
And with thy presence blest.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

HYMN 56.

Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for
I am God, and there is none else.—Isaiah xlv. 22.

8s. 7s.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee;
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveiled glory see.

HYMN 57.

And that Rock was Christ.—I Corinthians x. 4.

7s.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling :
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 58.

But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our
Lord Jesus Christ.—Galatians vi. 14.

L. M.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow, mingling, down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 59.

How much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works?—Hebrews ix. 14.

S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 60.

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said,
It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.—John xix. 30.

87,87,47.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
“It is finished!”
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

“It is finished!” O what pleasure
These triumphant words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord;
“It is finished!”
Saints, the dying words record.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the glorious theme,
All on earth and all in heaven
Join to praise Immanuel’s name;
“It is finished!”
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

HYMN 61.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.—Psalm xciii. 1.

8s.

The strife is o’er, the battle done;
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.

Alleluia !

On that third morn he rose again
In glorious majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain.

Alleluia !

He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let songs of joy his triumphs tell.

Alleluia !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee,

Alleluia !

HYMN 62.

I am he that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive for ever more, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death.—Rev. i. 18.

7s. 8s.

Jesus lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appall us ;
Jesus lives ! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Jesus lives ! for us he died :

Then, alone to Jesus living,

Pure in heart may we abide,

Glory to our Saviour giving.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well

Nought from us his love shall sever ;

Life, nor death, nor powers of hell

Tear us from his keeping ever.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to him the throne

Over all the world is given :

May we go where he is gone,

Rest and reign with him in heaven.

Alleluia !

HYMN 63.

Why seek ye the living among the dead ? he is not here but is risen ;
Remember how he spake unto you.—Luke xxiv. 5.

886,886.

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,

“ He lives, who once was slain :

Why seek the living 'midst the dead ?

Remember how the Saviour said

That he would rise again.”

O joyful sound ! O glorious hour,

When by his own Almighty power

He rose, and left the grave !

Now let our songs his triumph tell,

Who burst the bands of death and hell,

And ever lives to save.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

The First-begotten of the dead,
For us he rose, our glorious Head,
 Immortal life to bring ;
What though the saints like him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
 And triumph with their King.

No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
 And raise their slumbering dust ;
O risen Lord, in thee we live,
To thee our ransomed souls we give,
 To thee our bodies trust.

HYMN 64.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said.—Matt. xxviii. 6.

7s.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your songs and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply !
Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er !
Lo ! he sets in blood no more !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell.
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ hath opened paradise.
Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died, our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O Grave ?

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to thee by both be given ;
Thee we greet, triumphant now :
Hail ! the Resurrection, thou !

HYMN 65.

I ascend unto my Father, and your Father ; and to my God, and
your God.—John xx. 17.

7s.

Hail the day that sees him rise
To his throne above the skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits :
“ Lift your heads, eternal gates :
Christ hath vanquished death and sin ;
Take the King of glory in.”

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives !
Yet he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own :

Still for us he intercedes ;
His prevailing death he pleads ;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee above the skies.

HYMN 66.

By his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.—Heb. ix. 12.

L. M.

O Saviour, who for man hast trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath thy feet ;
Ten thousand thousands round thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

Our great High Priest and Shepherd, thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there thy precious blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood :

And thence the church, thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Christ, our Lord, of thy dear care
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear ;
Be ours with thee to suffer pain,
With thee for evermore to reign.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 67.

Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.—Heb. i. 3.

C. M.

Jesus, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring,
Creator of the world art thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on thee,
And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free !

But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

O may thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare !
O may we stand around thy throne,
And see thy glory there.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 68.

This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.—Acts i. 11.

S. M.

Thou art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
Lord, by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

HYMN 69.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him—that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.—Phil. ii. 9.

C. M.

O thou eternal King most high !
Who didst the world redeem ;
And, conquering death and hell, receive
A dignity supreme :

Thou, through the starry orbs above
Didst to thy throne ascend ;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
And glory without end.

There, seated in thy majesty,
To thee submissive bow
The heaven of heavens, the spacious earth,
The depths of hell below.

With trembling there the angels see
The changed estate of men ;
The flesh, which sinned, by flesh redeemed ;
Man, in the Godhead, reign.

There, waiting for thy faithful ones,
Be thou to us, O Lord,
Our peerless joy while here we stay,
In heaven our great reward.

Renew our strength ; our sins forgive ;
Our miseries efface ;
And lift our souls aloft to thee,
By thy celestial grace.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

So, when thou shonest on the clouds,
With thy angelic train,
May we be saved from vengeance due,
And our lost crowns regain.

HYMN 70.

While they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received
him out of their sight.—Acts i. 9.

7s.

He is gone beyond the skies,
A cloud receives him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze, or angels' flight;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone, and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which he has left,
On this earth, of him bereft,
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue;
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show.

He is gone; towards their goal,
World and church must onwards roll:
Far behind we leave the past:
Forward are our glances cast:
Still his words before us range
Through the ages as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us will he prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone, but not in vain;
Wait, until he comes again;
He is risen, he is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere:
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in him we find,
To our own eternal Friend
Thitherward let us ascend.

HYMN 71.

FROM PSALM XLV.

7s. 6s.

With hearts in love abounding,
Prepare we now to sing
A lofty theme, resounding
Thy praise, Almighty King;

Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
Redeemed the human race;
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
Breathe words of truth and grace.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

In majesty transcendent,
 Gird on thy conquering sword ;
In righteousness resplendent,
 Ride on, Incarnate Word !

Ride on, O King Messiah,
 To glory and renown ;
Pierced by thy darts of fire,
 Be every foe o'erthrown !

So reign, O God, in heaven,
 Eternally the same ;
And endless praise be given,
 To thy eternal name !

Clothed in thy dazzling brightness,
 Thy church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
 In raiment wrought of gold.

And let each Gentile nation
 Come gladly in her train,
To share thy great salvation,
 And join her grateful strain :

Then ne'er shall note of sadness
 Awake the trembling string ;
One song of joy and gladness
 The ransomed world shall sing.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

HYMN 72.

FROM PSALM LXXII.

L. M.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

HYMN 73.

FROM PSALM LXXII.

7s. 6s.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth ;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing.
To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove :
His name shall stand for ever,
 That name to us is LOVE.

HYMN 74.

But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law.—Gal. iv. 4.

8s. 7s.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
 Tell his triumph far and wide :
Tell aloud the wondrous story
 Of his body crucified ;
How upon the cross a victim
 Vanquishing in death he died.

Eating of the tree forbidden,
 Man had fallen by Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
 Did this second tree prepare,
Destined many ages later
 That first evil to repair :

So when now at length the fulness
 Of the time foretold drew nigh,
Then the Son, the world's Creator,
 Left his Father's throne on high,
From a virgin's womb appearing,
 Clothed in our mortality.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain,
Then of his free choice he goeth
To a death of bitter pain ;
He, the Lamb, upon the altar
Of the cross, for us is slain.

Blessing, honour everlasting,
To the immortal Deity ;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal praises ever be ;
Glory through the earth and heaven
To the blessed Trinity.

HYMN 75.

Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto
thee.—Matthew xxi. 5.

S. M.

The advent of our King
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.

The everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be ;
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set his servants free.

Daughter of Sion, rise
To meet thy lowly King ;
Nor let thy faithless heart despise
The peace he comes to bring.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

As Judge, on clouds of light,
He soon will come again,
And his true members all unite
With him in heaven to reign.

Before the dawning day
Let sin's dark deeds be gone ;
The old man all be put away,
The new man all put on.

All glory to the Son,
Who comes to set us free,
With Father, Spirit, ever One,
Through all eternity.

HYMN 76.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—Rev. xxii. 20.

L. M.

O Saviour ! is thy promise fled ?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor ?

Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness !

Come, Jesus, come ! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day :

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

So now, may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there !

HYMN 77.

Because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God,
O Israel.—Amos iv. 12.

S. M.

Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
Our anxious souls prepare
For that tremendous day ;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :

To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord :
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest ;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

HYMN 78.

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

I John i. 7.

8s. 7s.

He, who once in righteous vengeance,
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it,
With his own most precious blood ;
Coming from his throne on high
On the painful cross to die.

O the wisdom of th' Eternal !
O the depth of love divine !
O the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine !
We were sinners doomed to die ;
Jesus paid the penalty.

When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of his broken laws,
May his blood in that dread hour
Cry aloud, and plead our cause ;
Bid our guilty terrors cease,
Be our pardon and our peace.

Prince and Author of salvation !
Lord of majesty supreme !
Jesus ! praise to thee be given
By the world thou didst redeem ;
Glory to the Father be,
And the Spirit, One with Thee.

THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

HYMN .79.

His name is called the Word of God.—Rev. xix. 13.

L. M.

O heavenly Word ! eternal Light,
Begotten of the Father's might,
Who, in these latter days, art born
For succour to a world forlorn ;

Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with thine own true love ;
That we, who hear thy call to-day,
May cast earth's vanities away.

And when as Judge thou drawest nigh,
The secrets of all hearts to try ;
When sinners meet their awful doom,
And saints attain their heavenly home ;

O let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from thy face at last ;
But, with the blessed, evermore
Behold and love thee and adore.

HYMN 80.

Behold, he cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him.—Rev. i. 7.

8s. 7s. and 4.

Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Halleluiah !
Christ appears on earth to reign !

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty :
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see !

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall see him in the air.
Halleluiah !
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne !
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdom for thine own :
O come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down !

HYMN 81.

The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first.—I Thess. iv. 16.

8s. 7s.

Great God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created ;
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated :
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The dead in Christ are first to rise,
At that last trumpet's sounding ;
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing ;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before his throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Great Judge, to thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending ;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending :
May we in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet thee.

HYMN 82.

But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.
II Pet. iii. 10.

8s. 7s.

That great day of wrath and terror,
That last day of woe and doom,
Like a thief that comes at midnight,
On the sons of men shall come.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

When the pride and pomp of ages
All shall utterly have passed,
And they stand in anguish, owning
That the end is here at last :

And the trumpet's pealing clangour,
Through the earth's four quarters spread,
Waxing loud and ever louder,
Shall convoke the quick and dead :

And the King of heavenly glory
Shall assume his throne on high ;
And the cohorts of his angels
Shall be near him in the sky :

And the sun shall turn to sackcloth,
And the moon be red as blood ;
And the stars shall fall from heaven,
As the dead leaves in a wood :

Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest,
From the dragon's malice fly ;
Give thy soul unto thy Saviour,
If thou seek'st to win the sky.

Let thy loins be straitly girded,
Life be pure, and heart be right,
That, whene'er the Bridegroom cometh,
Full thy lamp may shine, and bright.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HYMN 83.

I saw a great white throne, and him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away.—And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened,—and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.—Rev. xx. 11.

8s.

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded!
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us !

Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Caused thy wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

Righteous Judge ! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst ;
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With thy favoured sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me ;
But to thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Low I kneel, with heart-submission ;
See, like ashes, my contrition ;
Help me in my last condition.

Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him.

Spare, O God, in mercy, spare him !
Lord, all pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant him thine eternal rest.

HYMN 84.

He that overcometh,—I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.—Rev. iii. 5.

8s.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall wake the nations underground :
Where, then, my God, shall I be found—

When all shall stand before thy throne,
When thou shalt make their sentence known,
And all thy righteous judgment own ?

Thou, who for sinners felt such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Who did for us its curse sustain.

By all that man's redemption cost,
Let not my trembling soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tossed !

PENITENCE.

Give me in that dread day a place
Among thy chosen, faithful race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

Trembling before thy throne I bend ;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end !

HYMN 85.

Have mercy upon us, O Lord ! have mercy upon us.
Psalm cxxiii. 3.

7s.

Lord, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold thy face.

PENITENCE.

HYMN 86.

FROM PSALM VI.

7s.

Gently, gently lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God ;
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

Heal me, for my flesh is weak ;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek ;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim thy power to save ?
Lord, my trembling soul reprove,
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

Lo, he comes ! he heeds my plea ;
Lo, he comes ! the shadows flee ;
Glory round me dawns once more ;
Rise, my spirit, and adore.

HYMN 87.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight
shall no man living be justified.—Psalm cxliii. 2.

C. M.

O Lord, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting sore my sinful life,
Before thy mercy's gate.

PENITENCE.

A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin ;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here ;
For then I know right well, O Lord,
Most vile I shall appear.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask ;
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
O let thy mercy come.

HYMN 88.

I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him,
Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee.—
Luke xv. 18.

C. M.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face ;
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

Return, O wanderer, return ;
He hears thy humble sigh ;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return ;
The Saviour bids thee live ;
Go to his mercy-seat and learn
How freely he'll forgive.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear ;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn ;
His love invites thee near.

HYMN 89.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.
II Cor. iii. 17.

C. M.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit ! thine,
To form the heart anew.

'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes ;

To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live :
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

Oh, change these sinful hearts of ours,
And give them life divine !
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 90.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.—*Galatians v. 22.*

7s.

Gracious Spirit ! love divine,
Let thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove ;
Fill us with thy peace and love.

Pardon to the contrite give ;
Bid the wounded sinner live ;
Lead us to the Lamb of God ;
Wash us in his precious blood.

Earnest thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast ;
Life and joy and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

Guardian Spirit ! lest we stray,
Keep us in our heavenly way ;
Bring us to thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love.

HYMN 91.

And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and
of righteousness, and of judgment.—*John xvi. 8.*

7s.

Holy Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye ;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness ;
Show us every devious way,
Where our steps have gone astray.

Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief :
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away ;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.

May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

HYMN 92.

Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit
in our hearts.—II Cor. i. 22.

7s.

Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Holy Ghost, thou Lord divine !
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

HYMN 93.

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they ~~were~~
all with one accord in one place.—Acts. ii. 1.

S. M.

Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power :
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe :
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Spirit of light ! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day :
Spirit of truth ! be thou
In life and death our guide ;
O Spirit of adoption ! now
May we be sanctified.

HYMN 94.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.—
Acts ii. 4.

L. M.

Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thine influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of that sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung :
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er thy favoured church preside ;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 95.

Grace be unto you and peace—from the seven Spirits
which are before his throne.—Rev. i. 4.

7s.

Come, thou Holy Spirit, come !
And from thine eternal home
 Shed the ray of light divine ;
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, thou source of all our store,
 Come, within our bosoms shine.

Thou of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
 Dost refreshing peace bestow ;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet ;
Grateful shadow from the heat,
 Solace in the midst of woe.

O most blessed Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of thine,
 And our inmost being fill ;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
 All our good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour thy dew ;
 Wash the stains of guilt away ;
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
 Guide the steps that go astray.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

On the faithful, who adore
And confess thee, evermore
 In thy sevenfold gifts descend ;
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them thy salvation, Lord,
 Give them joys that never end.

HYMN 96.

When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you
into all truth.—John xvi. 18.

8 6, 8 4.

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
 His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
 With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart,
 Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
 Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness pitying, see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier thee.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 97.

He shall glorify me ; for he shall receive of mine, and
shall show it unto you.—John xvi. 14.

L. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou my Guardian, thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way ;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from his pastures stray :
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God ;
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.

Thus I, conducted still by thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be ;
Here to his family pertain,
Hereafter with him ever reign.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HYMN 98.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?—I Cor. iii. 16.

8s.

Creator Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on all mankind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for thee.

Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command,
Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee ;
Make us eternal truths receive
And practice all that we believe.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee.

THE WORD.

HYMN 99.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold
me with thy free spirit.—Psalm li. 12.

8s.

O for the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind ;
Of power to conquer inbred sin ;
Of love to God and all mankind ;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear,
Pardon and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter ;
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
Yea, make in me his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !

HYMN 100.

Which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.
II Timothy iii. 15.

C. M.

The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

THE WORD.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 101.

Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.—Prov. viii. 34.

6s.

Lord, thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

COMING TO CHRIST.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee !

HYMN 102.

O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body
of this death ? I thank God through Jesus Christ our
Lord.—Rom. vii. 24.

8886.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

FAITH IN CHRIST.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve :
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down :
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

HYMN 103.

And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good
comfort, rise ; he calleth thee.—Mark x. 49.

C. M.

While dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give :
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

LONGING AFTER CHRIST.

If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have ;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe—and not in vain ;
My faith shall make me whole.

I too, with thee, shall walk in white ;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 104.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul.—Psalm cxvi. 7.

8s.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light ;
Only I sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek its peace in thee ;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend !

LONGING AFTER CHRIST.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
“ I am thy Saviour, God, and All ! ”
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To know thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN 105.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?—Rom. viii. 35.

886,886.

O Love Divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

NAME OF CHRIST.

God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine :
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part.

Forever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet ;
 Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

HYMN 106.

Unto you therefore which believe he is precious.—I Peter ii. 7.

C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole
 And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace :

NAME OF CHRIST.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

HYMN 107.

A name, which is above every name.—Phil. ii. 9.

8s. 7s.

Jesus is the name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth,
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

NAME OF CHRIST.

Therefore we, in love adoring,
 This most blessed Name revere ;
Holy Jesus, thee imploring
 So to write it in us here,
That, hereafter, heavenward soaring,
 We may sing with angels there.

HYMN 108.

He is altogether lovely.—Song of Sol. v. 16.

L. M.

Jesus ! the very thought is sweet ;
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet :
But oh ! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.

Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek thee, oh how kind !
But what art thou to them that find ?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness ;
Alone, who hath thee in his heart
Knows, Love of Jesus, what thou art.

NAME OF CHRIST.

HYMN 109.

Far above every name that is named, not only in this world,
but also in that which is to come.—Eph. i. 21.

C. M.

Jesus ! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus ! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

NAME OF CHRIST.

HYMN 109.

PART II.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him
a name which is above every name, that at the name of
Jesus every knee should bow.—Phil. ii. 9.

C. M.

O Jesus ! King most wonderful !
Thou conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !

When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart ;
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesus ! Light of all below !
Thou Fount of life and fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire :

May every heart confess thy name
And ever thee adore ;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues forever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart ;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

HYMN 110.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.
Phil. ii. 5.

C. M.

Jesus ! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given,
A name surpassing every name
That's named in earth or heaven ;

Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord ;
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.

Jesus ! who in the form of God
Didst equal honour claim ;
Yet to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame ;—

O may that mind be formed in us
Which shone so bright in thee ;
May we be humble, lowly, meek,
From pride and envy free.

May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love ;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

HYMN III.

If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am,
there shall also my servant be.—John xii. 26.

C. M.

O Lord, as to thy cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosom dwell
As free and true as thine.

If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
“Father, thy will be done !”

Thus, peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven !

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

HYMN 112.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Matt. xvi. 24.

L. M.

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldest my disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

HYMN 113.

Be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit
the promises.—Heb. vi. 12.

S. M.

Oh what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

HYMN 114.

And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.—Matt. x. 38.

C. M.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong ;
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame :
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

HYMN 115.

Lead me in the way everlasting,—Psalm cxxxix. 24.

5s. 8s.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless :
 Guide us by thy hand
 To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
 For, through many a foe,
 To our home we go !

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief ;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more !

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Fatherland.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

HYMN 116.

If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am,
there shall also my servant be.—John xii. 26.

C. M.

How blessed, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servant, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at thy command,
The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at thy hand!

With willing heart and longing eyes,
 To watch before thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
 To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
 But follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
 The One Beloved's will.

Thus may I serve thee, gracious Lord!
 Thus ever thine alone,
My soul and body given to thee,
 The purchase thou hast won:
Through evil and through good report
 Still keeping by thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
 Let Christ be magnified!

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

HYMN 117.

For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour.—I Tim. ii. 3.

6s.

My Saviour, as thou wilt;
O may thy will be mine !
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign :
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Saviour, as thou wilt;
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of thy word
Let my soul feed upon ;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done !

My Saviour, as thou wilt !
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done !

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

My Saviour, as thou wilt !
All shall be well for me :
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done !

HYMN 118.

Thou Son of David, have mercy upon us.—Matt. ix. 27.

6s. 5s.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains ;
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love ;
Draw us, holy Jesus !
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey ;
Be thyself the way,
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

HYMN 119.

In whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing,
ye rejoice.—I Peter i. 8.

8s. 7s.

All unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words he speaketh,
While his hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to him unknown ;
He to-day, and he to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives his own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown ;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

HYMN 120.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I
have loved you.—John xv. 12.

C. M.

With love the Saviour's heart o'erflowed,
Love spoke in every breath ;
Supreme it reigned throughout his life,
And triumphed in his death.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Behold, this new command he gives
To those who bear his name,
That they shall one another love,
As he hath loved them.

In every action, every thought,
Be this great law fulfilled ;
Forgotten be each selfish aim,
Each angry passion stilled.

Let all who bear the name of Christ,
While they his sufferings view,
Think of his words, " Each other love,
As I have loved you."

HYMN 121.

One Lord, one faith, one baptism.—Eph. iv. 5.

6 6 6 6, 8 8.

One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watch-word,—Love :
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is one ;
One Priest before the throne ;
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone !
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Then why should they who love
One gospel to unfold,
Who seek one home above,
On earth be strange and cold ?
Why subjects of the Prince of Peace
From strife and wrangling never cease ?

O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and his last,
The utterance of his care,
Ere to his throne he passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain
The world's offence, the people's stain !

Head of thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe ;
Her broken frame renew :
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

HYMN 122.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity—I Cor. xiii. 13.

8 8 6, 8 8 6.

Great Mover of all hearts, whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain ;
But love alone shall then remain,
When this short day is gone :
O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done ?

We sow 'mid perils here and tears ;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown :
Great Three in One, the increase give ;
These gifts of grace, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown.

HYMN 123.

Beloved, let us love one another : for love is of God ; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.—I John iv. 7.

C. M.

Our God is love ; and all his saints
His image bear below ;
The heart with love to God inspired
With love to man will glow.

O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved of thee ;
For none are truly born of God,
Who live in enmity.

Give us, O Lord, thy heavenly grace,
Thy holy rule to keep :
With saints rejoicing to rejoice,
With weeping saints to weep.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Eternal Father, to thy name
 Be endless glory given,
Who fashionest with holy love
 The hearts of thine for heaven.

HYMN 124.

Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.
John xxi. 17.

C. M.

Do not I love thee? O my Lord,
 Behold my heart and see;
And cast the dearest idol out,
 That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my soul?
 Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
 When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear?
Doth not my soul with pleasure bound
 Her Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
 I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead?

Thou know'st I love thee, gracious Lord!
 But O I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

FAITHFULNESS.

HYMN 125.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.—Matt. v. 8.

S. M.

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart;
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

HYMN 126.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit
within me.—Psalm li. 10.

C. M.

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:

FAITHFULNESS.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within :

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of LOVE.

HYMN 127.

And Enoch walked with God.—Gen. v. 24.

C. M.

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

FAITHFULNESS.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast :

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 128.

Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when he cometh,
shall find watching.—Luke xii. 37.

S. M.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

FAITHFULNESS.

Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak, he's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

HYMN 129.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold
not thine hand.—Eccl. xi. 6.

S. M.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strewn :

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

FAITHFULNESS.

Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And bear the harvest home.

HYMN 130.

Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of
Jesus Christ.—II Tim. ii. 3.

S. M.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son :

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness
And win the well-fought day :

FAITHFULNESS.

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

HYMN 131.

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our
faith.—I John v. 4.

C. M.

O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;—

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up the dying bed.

Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste ev'n here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

FAITHFULNESS.

HYMN 132.

Thou art my hiding place ; thou shalt preserve me from trouble.—Psalm xxxii. 7.

7s.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness :
False and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

FAITHFULNESS.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 133.

For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. ii. 18.

C. M.

In tears and trials we must sow
 To reap in joy and love ;
We cannot find our home below,
 And look for one above.

Children of God have ever thus
 In wisdom learned to grow ;
Yea, he who gave himself for us
 Was perfected by woe.

Thou Man of sorrows, thou didst not
 The bitter cup decline,
Why should I claim a better lot,
 A smoother path than thine ?

Intent the guiltless blood to shed,
 That should for guilt atone,
Thou didst the mighty wine-press tread,
 Unshinking, though alone.

CONFIDENCE.

And shall I murmur or repine
At aught thy hand may send ?
May I my all to thee resign,
My everlasting friend.

HYMN 134.

FROM PSALM XXXI.

S. M.

My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest ;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

HYMN 135.

FROM PSALM CXCVII.

6s.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

CONFIDENCE.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might :
Choose thou for me, my God ;
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be thine ;
Else I must surely stray.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem ;
Choose thou my good and ill ;

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

HYMN 136.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.
Mat. xxviii. 20.

8s. 7s.

Always with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love ;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling place above :

CONFIDENCE.

With us, when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none ;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won :

With us, when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear :

With us, in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream ;
Lighting up the steps of glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

HYMN 137.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.
Heb. iv. 9.

C. M.

Lord, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone :

A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove :
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

HYMN 138.

Whether we live, we live unto the Lord ; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.—Rom. xiv. 8.

C. M.

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad,
To soar to endless day ?

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be !

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough, that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

HYMN 139.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : when shall I come and appear before God?—Psalm xlvi. 2.

S. M.

Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit come,
And speed me to my rest!"

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press—
A dark and toilsome road :
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

God of my life, be near ;
On thee my hopes I cast :
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

HYMN 140.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.
Isaiah xxxv. 10.

S. M.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

HYMN 141.

Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

Eph. iii. 15.

C. M.

The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make,
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

O Jesus! be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

HYMN 142.

And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light.—Rev. xxii. 5.

L. M.

Great God, who, hid from mortal sight,
Dost dwell in unapproachèd light,
Before whose presence angels bow
With faces veiled, in homage low ;

Awhile in darkness we remain,
And round us yet are sin and pain ;
But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase our shades of night away.

For thou hast promised, gracious Lord,
A day of gladness and reward ;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noon tide clear.

Too long, alas ! it still delays ;
It lingers yet that day of days ;
Our mortal strife and toil must cease
Before we win its heavenly peace.

Then, from its fleshly bonds set free,
The soul shall fly, O God, to thee ;
To see thee, love thee, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.

MORTALITY.

HYMN 143.

I go to prepare a place for you.—I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John xiv. 2.

L. M.

O Christ, who dost prepare a place
For us around thy throne of grace,
We pray thee lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward ;
How transient is our present pain !
How boundless our eternal gain !

With open face and joyful heart
We then shall see thee as thou art ;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of thine endless love,
Send down thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to thee.

HYMN 144.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.—Eccl. ix. 10.

S. M.

Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die ;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
How swift its moments fly !

MORTALITY.

Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done ;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

Up then with speed and work :
Fling ease and self away ;
There is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray.

Make haste, O man, to live ;
Thy term is almost o'er ;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise ;
The Judge is at the door.

HYMN 145.

Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.—Luke xxiv. 29.

10s.

Abide with me ; fast falls the even-tide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away :
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

DEATH OF THE JUST.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Be present, Lord, before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

HYMN 146.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.—Rev. xiv. 13.

C. M.

Not for the pious dead we weep ;
Their sorrows now are o'er ;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home ;
Awhile we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

And though no visioned dream of bliss,
Nor trance of rapture show,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe ;

Jesus ! our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chastened mind,
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

HEAVEN.

HYMN 147.

To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.—I Peter i. 4.

7s. 6s.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there:

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

That we should look poor wanderers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!

And now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:

Then glory, yet unheard of,
Shall shed abroad its ray:
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath day:

And peace, for war is needless,
And rest, for storm is past,
And goal from finished labour,
And anchorage at last:

HEAVEN.

There God our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

HYMN 147.

PART II.

7s. 6s.

To thee, O dear, dear country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep :
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright Day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !

Jerusalem the only !
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe :

HEAVEN.

And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain ;
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

HYMN 147.

PART III.

7s. 6s.

Jerusalem the golden !
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng ;

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of the elect,
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect :

HEAVEN.

Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled
And strive and pant and yearn.

HYMN 148.

And I will write upon him the name of the city of my God,
which is New Jerusalem.—Rev. iii. 12.

C. M.

Jerusalem, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold !
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom ;
Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

HEAVEN.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my sorrows have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN 149.

But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother
 of us all.—Gal. iv. 26.

C. M.

O mother dear Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of God's saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow can be found,
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;
But every soul shines as the sun ;
 For God himself gives light.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
 In his felicity.

HEAVEN.

Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

Those trees each month yield ripened fruit ;
For evermore they spring ;
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.

O mother dear Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

HYMN 150.

And there shall be no night there.—Rev. xxii. 5.

7s.

Lo, the day, the day of life,
Day of unimagined light,
Day when death itself shall die,
And there shall be no more night :

Steadily that day approacheth,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long ;
Long implored at length he hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

HEAVEN.

O how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful it will be,
When they who, unseen, have loved him,
Jesus face to face shall see !

Blessed, then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure
In his mansions to abide !

There shall be no sighs, nor weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear,
No old age, no want nor sorrow,
Nothing sick or lacking there.

There the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed ;
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
And salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture,
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

To those realms, just Judge, O call me,
Deign to open that blest gate,
Thou whom, seeking, looking, longing,
I, with eager hope, await !

HEAVEN.

HYMN 151.

What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and
whence came they?—Rev. vii. 13.

8s. 7s.

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing:
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness?
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more:

HEAVEN.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at his command :
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face.

HYMN 152.

And again they said, Alleluia.—Rev. xix. 3.

8 7, 8 7, 7 7.

Alleluia ! sweetest music,
Voice of everlasting joy !
Alleluia is the language
Which the heavenly choirs employ,
As they ever sing to God
In that pure and blest abode.

Alleluia ! joyful mother,
True Jerusalem above !
Alleluia is the music
Which thy happy children love ;
Exiles, tears our songs must steep ;
Oft by Babel's streams we weep.

Alleluia cannot ever
Be our joyous psalm below ;
Alleluia ! sin will cross it
Often here with tones of woe ;
Many a mournful hour we know,
When our tears for sin must flow.

HEAVEN.

Therefore, 'mid our tears still praising,
Grant us blessed Trinity,
Thy true Paschal Feast hereafter
In the heavenly home to see,
Where our song shall ever be,
Alleluia unto thee.

HYMN '153.

Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with
Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.
Matt. viii. 11.

6 6, 8 4. D.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
Jehovah, great I Am,
By earth and heaven confest ;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At his right hand ;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield, and tower.

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm his friend !
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

HEAVEN.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN 153.

PART II.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest :
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace :
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains ;
And glorious with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

HEAVEN.

He keeps his own secure ;
He guards them by his side ;
Arrays in garments white and pure
 His spotless Bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
 He still supplies.

HYMN 153.

PART III.

Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
 Through all their land :
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame ;
And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous Name.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing ;
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
 " Almighty King !
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be ;
Jehovah, Father, great I Am,
 We worship thee."

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Before the Saviour's face,
The ransomed nations bow ;
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
 Forever new :
 He shews his prints of love,
 They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above,
 The slaughtered Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high :
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
 They ever cry :
 Hail Abraham's God and mine !
I join the heavenly lays,
All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

HYMN 154.

Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered.—Psalm lxviii. 1.

S. M.

O Lord our God, arise ;
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Prince of Life ! arise ;
Nor let thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Thou Holy Ghost ! arise ;
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

O all ye nations ! rise ;
To God the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

HYMN 155.

FROM PSALM LXVII.

6666,88.

Arise, O Lord, and shine
In all thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light :
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

Bring distant nations near,
To sing thy glorious praise ;
Let every people hear
And learn thy holy ways ;
Reign, mighty God ; assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws.

Put forth thy glorious power,
That Gentiles all may see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to thee.
God, our own God, his church shall bless,
And earth be filled with righteousness.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 156.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.—Gen. i. 3.
6s. 4s.

Thou, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
 “Let there be light !”

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
 “Let there be light !”

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
 Speed forth thy flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
 “Let there be light !”

Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
 Grace, love, and might ;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
 “Let there be light !”

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 157.

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.—Rev. xxii. 17.

L. M.

O Spirit of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

HYMN 158.

O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion ! when the Lord
bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and
Israel shall be glad.—Psalm xiv. 7.

7s. 6s.

O that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home !

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane !
Return, O Lord, in pity ;
Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall thy rod of terror ;
Thy saving grace impart ;
Roll back the veil of error ;
Release the fettered heart.

Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see :
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

HYMN 159.

Come over into Macedonia, and help us.—Acts xvi. 9.
7s. 6s.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain !

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll ;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 160.

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia ; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Rev. xix. 6.

7s.

Hark ! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
“ Halleluiah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
“ Halleluiah ! ” let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

“ Halleluiah ! ” hark ! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation’s harmonies.
See Jehovah’s banner furled,
Sheathed his sword ; he speaks, ’tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end ;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall :
Halleluiah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

HYMN 161.

Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion ; for, lo, I come, and I will
dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord. And many nations
shall be joined to the Lord in that day, and shall be my people.
—Zech. ii. 10.

C. M.

Daughter of Zion ! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust ;
He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake ! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the South, " Give up thy charge,"
And " Keep not back, O North ! "

They come, they come ! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs the ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

HYMN 162.

I will also clothe her priests with salvation.—Psalm cxxxii. 16.

L. M.

Pour out thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless :
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

Within thy temple, when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love :

To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign ;
And, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

HYMN 163.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.
Matt. xxviii. 20.

C. M.

Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchman's eye in darkness closed,
And mute the teacher's tongue:—

The eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

Through every scene of life and death,
His promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

THE COMMUNION.

HYMN 164.

This do in remembrance of me.—Luke xxii. 19.

C. M.

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testimonial cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me !
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee ;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

THE COMMUNION.

HYMN 165.

For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.—II Cor. v. 21.

C. M.

My God, accept our hearts this day,
And make them always thine,
That we no more from thee may stray,
No more from thee decline.

Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, we prostrate fall :
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all !

Anoint us with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt us for thine own,
That we may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given,
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

HYMN 166.

He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.—John vi. 56.

86, 86, 88

Lord, when before thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, th' eternal mercy-seat,
On us thy blessing pour,

BAPTISM.

And make our inmost souls to be
An habitation fit for thee.

The Body for our ransom given ;
The Blood in mercy shed ;
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed ;
And as we round thy table pray,
O may we find the Living Way !

Be thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh ;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear :
And let our adoration rise,
As fragrant incense, to the skies.

HYMN 167.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.—Isaiah xl. 11.

8s. 7s.

Saviour, who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share :

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, thy Word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

BAPTISM.

Never from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way :

Then within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HYMN 168.

Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and
of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. xxviii. 19.

7s.

Heavenly Father ! may thy love
Beam upon us from above ;
Let this infant find a place
In thy covenant of grace.

Son of God ! be with us here ;
Listen to our humble prayer ;
Let thy blood on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

Holy Ghost ! to thee we cry :
Thou this infant sanctify ;
Thine almighty power display ;
Seal *him* to redemption's day.

Great Jehovah !—Father, Son,
Holy Spirit—Three in One,
Let the blessing come from thee ;
Thine shall all the glory be !

BAPTISM.

HYMN 169.

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.—Isaiah xl. 11.

8s. 7s.

Gracious Saviour ! Holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to thee ;
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom, may they be ;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From thy fold to go astray ;
By thy warning love directed,
May they walk the narrow way ;
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

Let thy Holy Word instruct them ;
Fill their minds with heavenly light ;
Let thy powerful grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right ;
Let them feel thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove thy burden light.

Taught to join the holy praises,
Which on earth thy children sing,
Both with lips and heart unfeigned,
Glad thank offering may they bring ;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise their Lord and King.

NEW CHURCH.

HYMN 170.

But will God indeed dwell on the earth ?—Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servant—that thine eyes may be open towards this house night and day.—I Kings viii. 27.

L. M.

This stone to thee in faith we lay ;
We build the temple, Lord, to thee ;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.

Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone :
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

NEW CHURCH.

HYMN 171.

The stone, which the builders refused, is become the head stone
of the corner.—Psalm cxviii, 22.

6s. 4s.

Christ is our corner-stone,
On him alone we build ;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled :
On his great love
Our hopes we place,
Of present grace
And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing :
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh :
In copious shower,
On all who pray,
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

NEW YEAR.

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace once given,
Be with us evermore :
Until that day,
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

HYMN 172.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.
Psalm xc. 1.

C. M.

The year is gone beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears.

Thy thankful people praise thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the faith,
Which saints of old believed.

To thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless ;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness :

Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

NEW YEAR.

From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee ;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for thee.

O Father, let thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise thee, year by year,
As angels do above.

HYMN 173.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—I Sam. vii. 12.

L. M.

Great God ! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

NEW YEAR.

HYMN 174.

The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want :—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.
Psalm xxiii. 1-4.

7s.

For thy mercy and thy grace
Constant through another year,
Hear our songs of thankfulness ;
Father and Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread ?
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying head.

| Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own,
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

HARVEST.

HYMN 175.

He watereth the hills from his chambers : the earth is satisfied
with the fruit of thy works.—Psalm civ. 13.

C. M.

Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence was thine ;
The plants in beauty grew :
Thou gav'st the summer sun to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A golden harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails :
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

HARVEST.

HYMN 176.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his **mercy** endureth for ever.—Psalm cxxxvi. 1.

7s.

Praise, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:

Praise him, that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light:

Praise him, that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain,
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield:

Praise him, for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor:
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

HARVEST.

HYMN 177.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom,—Yet I will rejoice
in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.—
Hab. iii. 17.

7s.

What our Father does is well ;
Blessed truth his children tell !
Though he send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon his love,
Seeking better things above.

What our Father does is well ;
Shall the wilful heart rebel ?
If a blessing be withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not himself to be
All our store eternally ?

What our Father does is well ;
Though headden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength his Word supplies ;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at his rod ?

What our Father does is well ;
May the thought within us dwell ;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

FOR BENEVOLENT OCCASIONS.

Therefore, unto him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, three in one,
Honour, might, and glory be
Now, and through eternity.

HYMN 178.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said. It is
more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xx. 35.

S. M.

O praise our God to-day ;
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear ;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love !

Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
“ Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.”

God of the widow, hear !
Our work of mercy bless :
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success.

DURING PESTILENCE.

HYMN 179.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.—Matthew xxv. 40.

C. M.

Fountain of good, to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to thee,
When all the world is thine!

But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose names thou wilt thyself confess
Before the Father's face:

And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard,
In them thou mayest be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to thee.

HYMN 180.

If there be in the land pestilence,—whatsoever plague, whatsoever sickness there be,—then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place, and forgive.—I Kings viii. 27.

C. M.

In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord,
We now for succour fly,
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us lest we die.

DURING CALAMITY.

The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath ;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.

With contrite hearts to thee, our King,
We turn, who oft have strayed ;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.

HYMN 181.

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until
these calamities be overpast.—Psalm lvii. 1.

L. M.

When in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought;

Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to thee
For resue from our misery :

To thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore, with bitter sighs,
And seek thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.

DURING WAR.

For thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to thee,
Through him whose name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.

And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before thee lay,
For tried, afflicted, lo ! we stand,
Perils and foes on every hand.

Ah hide not for our sins thy face,
Absolve us through thy boundless grace,
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.

That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to thee,
And walk obedient to thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

HYMN 182.

The Lord will bless his people with peace.—*Psalm xxix. 11.*

L. M.

O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease ;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told,
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

FOR THOSE IN PERIL AT SEA.

Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord ?
Where rest but on thy faithful word ?
None ever called on thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love ;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

HYMN 183.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still,
Psalm cvii. 29.

8s.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O hear us, when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us, when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

FOR THOSE IN PERIL AT SEA.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

HYMN.

DOXOLOGIES, &c.,

FOR THE

CLOSE OF DIVINE SERVICE.

I.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

II.

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be
From age to age eternally.

III.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

IV.

C. M.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run.

V.

S. M.

All glory, Lord, to thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

VI.

6s.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven :
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

VII.

C. M.

Now blessed be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel ;
For he alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.
And blessed be his glorious name,
To all eternity :
The whole earth let his glory fill ;
Amen, so let it be.

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

VIII.

6s. 4s.

Now to the King of heaven
Your cheerful voices raise ;
To him be glory given,
Power, majesty, and praise.

Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung
By every tongue,
In endless strains.

IX.

L. M.

Blessed, blessed be Jehovah,
Israel's God to all eternity ;
Let all the people say, Amen :
Amen, Praise to the Lord give ye.

X.

8s. 7s.

All blessings to the Lord our God,
For ever and for ever ;
Let all the people say, Amen ;
O praise the Lord for ever.

XI.

Great and marvellous are thy works,
Lord God Almighty ; just and true are all
thy ways, thou King of saints ;
Holy, thou alone art holy.
Halleluiah ! Amen.

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

XII.

7s.

Praise to God on high be given,
Praise him all in earth and heaven ;
Praise him at the dawn of light,
Praise him at returning night :
Saints below, and saints above,
Praise, O praise, the God of love.

XIII.

6s. 8s.

Jehovah's praise sublime
Through the wide earth be sung !
Ye realms of every clime,
Ye tribes of every tongue,
His infinite compassion bless,
His ever-during faithfulness.

XIV.

C. M.

To him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore ;
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore.

XV.

L. M.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue ;
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

XVI.

L. M.

All praise be thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored :
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.

XVII.

C. M.

All praise to thee who dost ascend
Triumphantly to heaven :
All praise to God the Father's name
And Holy Ghost be given.

XVIII.

6s. 8s.

Great Comforter, descend
In gentle breathings down ;
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown :
Our Guardian still vouchsafe to be,
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

XIX.

7s.

Source of power and light divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine :
Breathe thy Spirit ; so shall fall
Unction sweet upon us all,
Till, by odours scattered round,
Christ himself be traced and found :
Then shall every raptured heart,
Rich in peace and joy, depart.

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

XX.

8s. 7s. and 4.

Keep us, Lord, O keep us ever!
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine, O leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see:
Then to praise thee,
Through a bright eternity.

Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

XXI.

8s. 7s. and 4.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

XXII.

8s.

Now let us part in thy great name,
In which we here together came;
Help us our few remaining days
To live unto our Saviour's praise.
Sweet halleluiah ! let us sing,
Halleluiah ! Amen.

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

XXIII.

Lord, bless us still ;
O bless us still :
Lord, hear our prayers ;
O hear our prayers,
Accept our praise.
Halleluiah ! Amen.

XXIV.

7s.

Now may he, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep :

May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

XXV.

8s. 7s.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above ;
Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

XXVI.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory :
Glory be to thee, O Lord most high.

XXVII.

THE TERSANCTUS.*

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God. Therefore with angels, and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name ; evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts ; heaven and earth are full of thy glory : Glory be to thee, O Lord most High. Amen.

XXVIII.

THE GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Glory be to God on high,
And on earth peace, good will towards men.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee,
We glorify thee, we give thanks to thee, for thy
great glory,
O Lord God, heavenly King,
God the Father Almighty.

* Though not well adapted for use in our church service, the three most ancient hymns of the Christian church are here introduced, as entitled to a place in every collection of hymns, and as breathing the true spirit of Scripture, and of the apostolic age, to which, in respect of time, they nearly, if not actually reach.

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ,
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
That takest away the sins of the world,
 Have mercy upon us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
 Have mercy upon us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
 Receive our prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father,
 Have mercy upon us ;
For thou only art holy ;
 Thou only art the Lord ;
Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost,
 Art most high in the glory of God the Father.
 Amen.

XXIX.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

We praise thee, O God ;
We acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee,
The Father everlasting.
To thee all angels cry aloud,
The heavens, and all the powers therein.
To thee cherubim and seraphim
Continually do cry,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth ;
Heaven and earth are full
Of the majesty of thy glory.
The glorious company of the apostles praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.
The noble army of martyrs praise thee.
The holy church throughout all the world doth ac-
knowledge thee.

DOXOLOGIES, ETC.

The Father of an infinite majesty ;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son ;
Also the Holy Ghost,
The Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory, O Christ,
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
Thou didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all
believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of
the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge :
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants,
Whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory
everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage ;
Govern them and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify thee ;
And we worship thy name ever, world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin :
O Lord have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us,
As our trust is in thee.

O Lord in thee have I trusted ;
Let me never be confounded.

XXX.

THE GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost ;
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